

Lord's Day Schools Address.

BY G. KENDRICK.

(Continued.)

True, we must not make the worship a mere formality. We must follow the lesson in the type—talk of these things, and so interest even the little ones.

I venture to dwell longer here because I know no other way of doing equal justice to the theme given us.

There can be no conflict between Lord's day schools and our plea for reformation, which is but another name for a literal return to the New Testament doctrine and practice in all things. And if we would improve the providential means given us in and by the Lord's day schools, we need to look to the family schools.

To determine how best we may proceed here, we must look at the type. Here we have the true method for Lord's day schools, the consecrational style, "asking and answering questions." Each member in the family and Lord's day school should read or talk. The teachers are not to do all the talking. What would you think of a school teacher in a public school who worked all the examples, parsed all the sentences, hunted out all the words, &c., for the scholar? With all these facts, and others, are we not bound to aid the Lord's day schools—every disciple, actively and earnestly, just as we are bound to use the printing press, railroads, &c.

If it was made to appear that any of these were in conflict with any principle or duty enjoined by the New Testament, or if they or any of them proved cause of offence, even to weak saints, I would do away with them all. But if not, and we see and feel that they are greatly beneficial, especially the Lord's day school, all good and no evil; then we must use their helps as providential auxiliaries. And when we come to this conclusion, as I presume we all do, then it follows that we must join in this work. Who is to be excluded? Who may refuse to aid in a good work? By what right can any professed friend of the Savior refuse or fail to take part? When the church understands this our greatest difficulties will be over; when our family schools are properly taught, and each member feels bound to attend the Lord's day meetings, to take part in the Bible class and in the worship, then will Lord's day schools prosper, then will prayer meetings prosper, then will churches prosper, preacher or no preacher; then will the churches raise up, educate and send out preachers, instead of calling them in from the general field. Then can the churches lend, instead of borrowing preachers; hiring out instead of hiring in preachers. Then shall we be full of the spirit of preaching, of teaching, of praying, of exhortation, as the fathers of the reformation were; as the Johnsons, Creaths, Mortons, Stones, Smiths, Rogers and Campbells were, and as a host of others were. The "word of the Lord was in their hearts as a live coal of fire, and they would not forbear." They went whether they were sustained or not, whether they were invited or not; and they preached, whether the people would hear or whether they would forbear. Each one was a host in himself and in his God. No one waited for another. They went out in search of places to preach in, of people to preach to. If they found not many they preached to few, and with the earnestness of Philip to the Eunuch, or of Paul to the jailor. No wonder they succeeded. It would have been a wonder if they had not. It is now no wonder we are not succeeding. It would be a wonder if we were, with our present zeal and effort. I am thinking of the zeal of father Thompson, long since at rest, and of our beloved "Uncle Pende," if it is not sacrilegious so to call him. I think we should say "Father Pende-

gast," with the profoundest respect. But his work is not done yet, and I would not rob him of his reward, or weaken his hands with richly praise.

I feel, dear brethren, like pausing here to thank God for such men; and I am sure you feel so. Let us think of their early labors in California, in school houses, in family services, in mining camp, on the highways, anywhere, everywhere! Then the Gospel triumphed, then brotherly love abounded, then the love of God was more powerful than the love of shining gold; then you had but little difficulties about cooperation, prayer meetings, or Lord's day schools.

You see, dear friends of the Savior, I am trying to get at the root of our difficulties, to remove the cause. The details in the Lord's day schools I am quite willing to leave to these dear brethren before me, and to these sisters—what could we do without them? Oh! it cheers my heart to meet with you here! May the true spirit of Christ prevail! May the love of God prevail! May the truth prevail! And to this end may we buckle on the divine armor, and go forth with renewed zeal and wisdom and battle for the Lord's day school, and for everything else that may give peace and efficiency to the church, honor the Savior, and save souls.

A FEW SPECIFICATIONS.

We have seen that all should work in the Lord's day school. Who is too good, or too wise, or too great to take part in the Lord's day schools? He may think of taking part in the heavenly school. He may be better fit for that. He is not well fit for earth. His example is bad. What then shall we say of preachers who neglect the Lord's day schools?

The Lord's day school is but an extension and an enlargement of the family school, a cooperation of families in one of the grandest works of earth; just as the church is a cooperation of individuals, and just as individual churches may cooperate in the interest of the Gospel. Why should not families cooperate together, and so aid each other in the important and difficult work of training the rising race? Who does not feel the need of aid here? And where else and how else may we so certainly and so largely gain and give this aid?

OF SINGING.

I desire to say with all emphasis, that I think we have neglected this. We have not given it the attention the ancients gave it, and that it deserves. One of the most encouraging "signs of the time" is an increase of attention to singing. Still we are not coming up as grandly as we ought to the work. In our mission to restore and build up the wall of Zion, to clear away the rubbish from the temple, and cheer and strengthen the weak and disconsolate, we should give more attention to singing. Teach it scientifically in the family, in the common school, and in the Lord's day school. Let a certain portion of time be appropriated for this, and put forward the best talent and attainments in its interest. Never give it up.

"Sing when you are cheerful,
Pray when you are sad;
Sing in the Lord's day school,
Sing and be glad."

I would rather have my children learn to sing than learn any science, any language, or work, not in this divine science. We shall sing forever. And the family and Lord's day schools are the nurseries of song, of love, of knowledge and of joy. I never feel so near heaven so much as in angel presence as when I hear the sanctified voices of children praising God. I heard it said the other day that if there was anything of greater interest to angel spirits than all others it was to see a young man devoting himself, and the church consecrating him, to the work of the Christian ministry. This seemed to me a happy thought, for when I am above here, and have gained the heights, I want

to look back, and see young men seizing the banner of the cross as it falls from the hands of the veterans in the field. Let it float to the high breezes of heaven untarnished, unstained now and forever! I think it will be a part of my heaven to look on it. I am not sure, however, but a greater object of interest is and will be the Lord's day school and the sweet songs of children.

"Children sing, gladly sing,
Sing of welcome home."

From the Lord's day school will come the preachers, the members, the strength, the glory of the church. Heaven itself may be regarded as an enlargement of the Lord's day school and church and family schools. What a grand congregation, cooperation of all the pure and the good! And our songs may be an important part of our preparation for that grand assize! I am anxious to hear you sing. And I can easily imagine that angels and Lord's day school scholars, "not lost but gone before," are waiting interestedly for the song. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!

Patience.

"Let patience have her perfect work" is a divine injunction little heeded by many professed Christians.

Said the great apostle, "I glory in tribulations, for tribulation worketh patience and patience experience and experience hope," &c. Also "In your patience possess your souls."

Impatience is everywhere. Husbands are impatient with their wives, wives are impatient with their husbands. Parents are impatient with their children, children are impatient with their parents. Preachers are impatient with their auditors, auditors are impatient with their preacher, and so on the world round.

"Add to your faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, to knowledge patience, &c." He that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off, and has forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.

Christians, awaken up, and look into your own hearts, view yourselves in the light of God's word.

Notwithstanding the multitude of heavenly injunctions and admonitions reader are you void of this characteristic? How it chills as well as thrills one to hear words of impatience from a should be loving husband to the one that forsook father, mother, brothers and sisters, to bravely stand by his side and meet the sad realities of this cold and inconsistent world. Husband, are you so destitute of the no attributes of a manly heart and compunction of conscience as to fret and scold at the one that leans on you for protection and support and honors you as a god.

How often are fathers impatient and cross with their children. "Like begets like." From impatient and cross parents children become so with each other.

Not long since I stopped over night with a family near the pretty little town of Scio, in Linn county. The father and mother were non-professors, but a better example of patience and kindness I never saw even among Christian parents. Indeed most Christian parents would profit by calling and visiting with them a few days. There was an air of agreeableness rarely found in any family. No sour words—all pleasant, polite and happy.

What an unpleasant element when a family are impatient and cross with each other.

In conclusion, let us "by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory, honor and immortality."

T. M. MORGAN.
Looking Glass, Or., Aug. 1, 1879.

—When a man has no pleasures or comfort in anything but worldliness, it is evident he has no joy but in forgetting his soul.

Who Killed Him?

BY J. A. CRUZAN.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. xxiii. 32.

Portland packed New Market Theater from pit to dome, Friday night, June 25th, in honor of a great actor. The mimic tragedy of Julius Caesar held the great audience breathlessly intent. A few hours earlier, in a hardware store on First street, occurred the last act in a tragedy of real life. How many acts are there in a tragedy? Five in Julius Caesar. We'll make five of this real life tragedy.

ACT I.—A pleasant home. A proud mother holds her baby-boy in her arms, rains kisses upon his lips, looks into his eyes, and wonders what high station he is born to fill; looks dreamily into the future, sees herself aged, gray-haired, leaning upon her son as a tower of strength. Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop.

ACT II.—A printing office. Boy at the case; thinks of Franklin, and Greeley, and the Bennetts, and the Harpers, and as the type-rattle into the "stick," ambition is "set up" with them. But the foul atmosphere of a printing office poisons his soul as well as his blood. The weary hours, past midnight, when he toils at the case to give unthinking thousands their morning paper with their coffee, jade his body. He must spur it to unnatural power. He takes in his hand that scorpion whip, Rum! Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop!

ACT III.—Tented fields. The battle's hellish carnival! Chicamauga! Stone river! A wounded soldier! Andersonville and its horrors! Peace, and home alive at last! Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop!

ACT IV.—A desert of red-hot sands. A drunkard's heavy feet dragging a shrieking soul across that terrible waste to that awful "at last!" His soul acutely sensitive, his will-power gone! Chained! "Quit drink! Quit drink! Why, I would walk into that saloon, when the fit is on me, and drink if I knew that the next moment I should drop into hell! Hell! Hell! I am in hell! Every day I suffer the torments of the damned! There can be no more horrible hell!" Drop the curtain!

ACT V.—A hardware store! "It's a good pistol—well suited to carry in the pocket!" "Let me try it!" Crash! Thud! There lies that proud mother's boy! Quick! What is that in his pocket? A card! What does it say? "From a man who is about to die. Bury me as I am, without a shroud. I've been drunk three weeks, and can't keep sober!" Dead! By his own hand! "At the last, truly, it does bite like a serpent and sting like an adder!" Quick! Quick! Ring down the curtain! Turn down the lights! The tragedy is ended!

No! No! No! It is not! The suicide's grave is not the end! There is one act more! God's own hand raises the curtain!

ACT VI.—Eternity! Something is written over the door of the future: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God!" A destroyed soul! No light! No music! No hope! Despair coiling around the heart, with unutterable anguish! Blackness of darkness forever! Woe! Woe! Woe! I cannot bear longer to look! My soul sickens at this last act of this terrible life-tragedy! Quick! Quick! Quick! O merciful Father! Let the curtain drop, and hide this eternity of horror!

Coleman Brown, aged only 41, a good mechanic, a brave soldier, a man of more than ordinary ability, is dead!

Who killed him?
"Why," you say, "he killed himself!"

Yes. Years ago he began that self-murder, when he took that first glass in his hand, just as some young men here, perhaps, have already begun

their's. He did not see that that first glass was shaped like a pistol, but it was! That first glass had blood in it! But he did not taste it, else it would have been the last. And every day since that first glass has his hand been fastening its vice-like grasp tighter and tighter upon that pistol! Yes, he killed himself! His own hand grasped the pistol! His own finger pressed the fatal trigger! But there were other fingers on that trigger, other hands grasped the pistol.—West Shore.

A Grateful Old Age.

A modern philosopher goes so far as to say that our memories, in old age, are always grateful to us. Our pleasures are remembered, but our pains are forgotten. "If we try to recall a physical pain," she writes, "for it is a female, we find it to be impossible." From which I gathered only this for certain, that women never had the gout. The folks who come my way, indeed, seem to remember their physical ailments very distinctly, to judge by the way they talk of them, and are exceedingly apprehensive of their re-occurrence. Nay, it is curious to see how some old men will resent the compliments of their juniors on their state of health or appearance. "Stuff and nonsense!" cried old Sam Rogers grimly; "I tell you there is no such thing as a fine old man." In an humbler walk of life I remember to have heard a similar but more touching reply. It was upon the great centenarian question raised by Mr. Thomas. An old woman in a work-house, said to be one hundred years of age, was sent for by the board of guardians to decide the point by her personal testimony. One can imagine the half-dozen portly, prosperous figures, and the contrast their appearance offered to that of the bent and withered crone.

"Now, Betty," said the chairman, with unctuous patronage, "you look hale and hearty enough, yet they tell me that you are one hundred years old, is this really true?" "God Almighty knows, sir," was her reply, "but I feel a thousand." And there are so many people now-a-days who "feel a thousand." It is for this reason that the gift of old age is unwished for.—JAMES PAYN, in *Nineteenth Century*.

Cure For Hydrophobia.

The two recent deaths from hydrophobia in Brooklin, again illustrating the inability of medical science to grapple with this fearful disease, it may be acceptable to the public to know that a well attested cure for hydrophobia is stated to be occupying some attention in European circles. The discovery is due to the experiment of two Russian physicians, Drs. Schmidt and Ledeben. A little girl was bitten on the hand by a mad dog. The wound after being cauterized, healed in a few days, but a fortnight after the symptoms of hydrophobia set in. The physicians thereupon made the little patient inhale three cubic feet of oxygen. By this means in the course of an hour and a half all the symptoms disappeared and the child remained calm. On the next day but one malady returned in all its distressing characteristics—difficulty of breathing and swallowing and tonic convulsions. A fresh inhalation of oxygen was tried and at the end of forty-five minutes the attack subsided and never returned. The above information comes by the way of Paris, the particulars of the case being given almost in the words above recorded. Here is a remedy perfectly simple and obtainable with ease in New York, and I think it would be prudent if the physicians in the next case at least put it to the test.—N. Y. Herald.

—The only way for the world to get better, is for everybody to get rid of a good deal of themselves.